RROTHER WILL'S BLOODHOUND.

Last summer, while hunting prairie chickentral Kansas, I came upon a chain of sater pools in a little draw. The pools were gother by a small stream of sluggish Baked water. The banks of the draw were not over high. The tiny bottom lands that tad been goured out of the plain by the action of the waters of the little stream were covered with a dense growth of plum bushes and sunflowers. Great corn fields extended from the draw for out on the flats. Beyond the corn were fields of wheat stubble. Prairie chickens were plentiful. During the heat of the day they sought the shade afforded by the plum bushes and sunflowers. I never failed to find plenty of chickens in this draw.

I camped on the edge of the prairie, near the water, one bright September afternoon. My dogs soon discovered that I had no intention of shooting before morning, and they amused themselves by indulging in the forbidden sport of chasing cottontall rabbits; not that they ever saught a rabbit, but they were encouraged to continue the sport by the narrow escape made by the last one. I was astonished at the number of the coveys of quail the dogs put up. Time and again the dogs, while chasing the rabbits, would swing around suddenly on the point; then looking back to me as though saying, Come on, here are game birds!" would stand stanchly. Sitting on the bank, pipe in mouth, I encouraged the setters in wicked ways by say-ing." Go it, sweethearts! Put 'em up! Put 'em With ears erect, they would jump among the birds and flush them, and with beaming faces resume the chase of the cottontail or his brother. Broods of full-grown, half-grown. and almost callow quail rose before the running dogs, and scattered as they flew, to settle in the grass. During twilight the dry, pure air fairly quivered with the sweet notes of these birds, as the old ones called their families together.

That night as I lay in my blankets, with my exhausted dogs at my feet. I promised them to shoot quall in the draw as soon as the November frosts had killed the vegetation and the birds were in condition. True to my promise, I mounted my horse early one November morning, and was at the draw by sunrise. Picketing the horse on the prairie, I pulled off the saddle, gathered an armful of corn from a near-by field, and fed him. Calling my dogs I waved my hand to indicate the ground I wished them to beat, and with "His on! His on!" the hunt began. Shooting badly, I missed bird after bird so neatly that I was forced to admire the cleanness of my misses. The birds were very plentiful, the shooting perfect, but I could not kill. Shooting more than forty times. I had but ten birds. I was about to give up the hunt, when suddenly a storm-not a bliggard, but closely related to that unwelcome visitor from the arctic zone- came sweeping out of the northwest. Hurrying back to my horse I saddled him, mounted, and faced the storm. Finding I could not endure the cold wind and the storm-driven ice particles that stung my face like sparks from welding iron, I wheeled my horse and cantered south for the protection afforded by the banks of the Cottonwood. Arriving at the river I turned into a clump of bushes under a bluff. Drifting along the prairie before the flerce wind, the snow, shooting over the bluff, passed above me in a solid cloud. My impatient horse trembled under me. His breath shot forth from his expanded frostfringed nestrils in white cones that rapidly changed into tiny clouds of vapor. The bird does cowered in the high, coarse grass, Perceiving that I would be frozen if I remained

In the open air, I determined to search for shelter and food. Hugging the north bank of the river for protection from the cold wind, I followed its winding course. In a wooded bend of the stream I came on great haystacks and well-filled corn bribs surrounding an immense sheep corral. Beyond the corral a stove-pipe stood in the ground. This indicated a dugout. A huge brindled cur, a ridge of erect hair on his back, with glistening tooth, and ice particles studded thickly over his face, came bounding savagely toward me. Making friends with the ugly creatuse, I rode to the stacks, dismounted. unsulfied, and turned my horse loose in the midst of of food. Walking to the dugout I was kindly welcomed by a tall, white-haired man.

The man and his bearing attracted my attention. His face was long, pale, and verythin; his eyes dark, with a slight shade of yellow in them; his nose was long, broad, and straight; one corner of his mouth was drawn up, giving it a queer crookedness. I could see the deep sear on the cleanly shaven cheek that marked the spot where the Union bullet had torn out of the face of a gentleman, weary of life. He was very tall and erect. He limped slightly as he advanced to greet me. He was neatly dressed in gray jeans. Stating my case briefly, I was again welcomed.

My dogs scratched at the door. My host said inquiringly. "Your dogs?" "Yes; my hunting logs." I replied. Turning a little, he said: James, open the door and let the bird dogs in: they must be very cold." To my great surprise I saw another tall, erect, white-haired man stand forth. I had failed to see him as he sat motionless in a dark corner of the saw that he was a negro. He also was neatly dressed in gray jeans. My host held out his bands for my gun, game bag, and cartridge belt. While he was putting them away I gianced over the clean room and saw a wellfilled bookcuse standing against the wall. News-

papers lay about as though they had been read. A good supper of quail, hoseakes, ham, and offee was cooked and served by the negro. After eating we filled our pipes and sat by the fire smoking. Several times I endeavored to lead up to a conversation, but my attempts were dismal failures. Finally I remarked on the feroclous appearance of the brindled dog. I companionable. He sat erect in his chair; then, turning to me, said: "I have been alone so long that I fear I am very poor company. the habit of sitting silently by my fire has a firm hold on me. You were saying that my brindled watch dog looked ferocious. That dog is kind-hearted. He has a savage appearance, but I do not think he would bite any one. Looks do not amount to anything in a dog. My brother Will made a dog that was the fleroestlooking creature mortal eyes ever beheld."

"Your brother Will made a dog?" "Yes; made a dog," he replied. Then, taking the corneob pipe from his mouth and holding it loosely between his fingers, he said: "I will tell you of the misfortunes that caused brother Will to make a dog."

I refilled my pipe, settled myself in my barrel chair, and, placing my feet on a log, listened. "After the close of the war. Will and I returned from the Army of Virginia to the old homestead on the Tennessee River. Our parent had died while we were absent fighting for the Cause. The plantation was deserted. Many of the buildings were destroyed. The people we owned before the war were free, and had left the land they were born on. Only a few old negroes, too weak or too timid to accept of the new condition of affairs, remained on the land. James, my servant, had been with me while I was in the army. Charles, his brother, was my brother Will's servaut. Charles was killed at Petersburg. James returned to the plantation

gone, no one knew whither. He remained Will and I determined to live on our land. We had neither money nor tools; only a few old horses and mules. We went to work manfully. The country merchants knew we underatond our business, and they gave us credit for provisions and tools until our first crop was made. Being fortunate with our cotton, we soon had the farm fences rebuilt, the negro quarters repaired, and the outbuildings reour former slaves came back to the place of

With us, to find that his wife and children were

he was a little queer on one subject. A natural taste for mechanics grew into a diseased desire o continually talk about mechanical inventions. If indulged in this desire, he would become very enthusiastic, and fancy himself an inventor. A desire to make machines and curlous toys out of sheet iron and tin plate would take possession of him. He would go into the workshop, and, day after day, and far into the nights, I could hear the tap, tap, tap of his hammer, or smell the fumes of his chargoal furnace, as he had prepared together. Seldom was a toy suc-cessful. If the logs of a tin man were intended to stride forward, they were almost aura to walk backward; and the arms that should have been lifted high above the head in wrathful denunciation, were held meanly behind, as though seeking alms sivly. James took care of brother Will when he was suffering with these attacks. No one, excepting James and I, was allowed to see him then or his work. When the attack passed away suddenly, as was always the case. Will would throw the unfinished toy or machine he was working on into a corner where it would remain unnoticed until the next attack. Leaving the shop, he would come into the house, and, with a sad smile on his face, slip his hand into mine, saying simply, 'It is over, Ben.' Sitting by my side, holding my hand firmly in his, he would silently look into the

fire until he fell asleep in his chair. "Our business prospered. Year after year we made good cotton, corn, and hog crops. We cured large quantities of mast bacon. As Southern people prefer the peculiar flavor of mastfed meat, we found a ready and highly remunerative market for our bacon. Needing watch dogs, as the negroes were pilfering o' nights, Will wrote to an old army friend, who lived in Georgia, asking for a pair of bloodhound pups. Shortly after we received the dogs, the phonegraph was perfected. Will was very curious about this instrument. After reading the newspaper accounts of the wonderful mechanism he sent for one. The uncanny voice of the machine had a strange fascination for him. He never tired of it. Dally, nightly he experi-

mented with it. "As the ungainly bloodhound pups grew into great, powerful dogs, they grew into our lives. Our kinsfolk had been killed in battle, had died while we were absent, or had emigrated. We never heard from any of them. We wasted our affections on the faithful animals that guarded

our stores.
"In November, 1879, we killed our hogs, Sausage was made and placed in corn husks, preparatory to being hung for smoking. One cold December morning Will arose early, leaving me asleen. I was awakened by hearing a tan tap, tap, that sounded as though a woodpecker was searching for his breakfast on some dead tree. Sleepily, I thought it odd for the bird to be there at that season of the year. Dreamily amused with the fantastic thoughts of cat-nap time. I heard the sharp rattle and clang of sheet iron. Instantly awake, I jumped from my bed and hurried into the workshop.

"Will stood at the bench working. I spoke to him. He looked into my eyes for an instant. and without answering me continued his work. I saw that he was again ill, and walked out of the shop into the yard. By the smoke house lay our hounds, dead. A reconnoitring party, sent out into the black night by the army of negro thieves, had poisoned them. Will had seen the hounds lying lifeless on the frozen ground. The shock his mind received when he realized that our friends had met a base death instantly brought on an attack of his illness. He had left the key in the unlocked padiock of the smoke house, and gone at once into the workshop. I feared that this attack, brought on by a shock to his weakened brain, would be severe. I was very careful of my brother. Several times daily I visited him. James attended him constantly, being with him day and night. I endeavored to divert his attention from his work by talking of the picking and ginning of our cotton crop and of other farm affairs. My efforts were unsuccessful. Steadily Will hammered, and sheared, and fitted, and soldered.

"One day he said he wanted some clock works. When I brought them to him, I looked at the many pieces of finished and unfinished work that littered the room, and thought they looked like pieces of a sheet-iron dog. 'Brother Will, I asked, 'are you making a dog?' 'Yes, a watch dog,' he answered.

"From this time on I took a great interest in the work. The dog grew slowly under Will's hands, until it was very nearly finished. I was ing Will in James's charge 1 obeyed the summons, expecting to be absent for one day. Dehis mouth, as the line of men, clad in gray, ad- lays in court kept me three days. Returning I vanced up the slope of Malvern Hill. The ex- arrived in the evening. I sat in front of the rapidly wasted away. Unable without my pression of the face was one of sadness. It was | bright fire thinking of the lawsuit, when I was | brother to endure the place where my happy disturbed by Will. He walked wearily into the room. He was very pale and weak, but his eyes were bright and dear. He draw a chair alongside of mine; then, grasping my hand, he said sadly: 'Ben, I have been very sick. I am exceedingly weak. I wish it were all over;' and, leaning back in his chair, he slept peacefully. I gently withdrew my hand and walked into the workshop. In the dim twilight I saw a great

sheet-iron dog, with widely extended jaws,

standing on the floor by the work bench.

"Lighting the lamps I closely examined the creature. His immense mouth was lined with dugout. Passing me, he bowed gravely, and I great cone-shaped teeth that were painted white. His folling tongue and hanging lips were painted bright red. His eyes were bulging and red. The legs terminated in large feet. well armed with iron claws. He had a long tail that curved slightly upward. This creature stood firmly on an iron column that was riveted I discovered that the dog could be onened. I lifted his tail; the whole of his back | which had decided adversely to Buford on a turned up on a hinge by the shoulders. 1 opened him and saw resting on a shelf that was fastened to his left side—the phonograph! The interior space that was not occupied by this instrument was fairly stuffed with clock works. springs, and levers. Seeing a knob that excould plainly see the effort my host made to be | tended from the phonograph to the exterior of the sheet iron. I shut the back of the dog down and pressed on the knob. For an instant I thought I had lost my reason. There was a seldom that I see any one I care to talk to that | faint click of clockwork and the dog talked; his legs moved to and fro; his tail slowly rose and fell; his eyes rolled florcely, and his huge jaws slowly opened and shut. I backed away from him. Recovering myself I returned. Suddenly he was imbued with active life. He talked more loudly. Boldly he asserted that he was the devil. Distinctly he called aloud the names of the negroes he was determined to seize and earry down to hell. His jaws opened and snapped together with a viciousness similar to an empty bear trap, sharply closing. His tall swayed wildly up and down, and his legs worked rapidly to and fre, as though he were endeavoring to scratch up the earth. It was a dreadful sight. I stopped the machine by opening it. I realized that brother Will had at last

made a successful mechanism. Entering the house I looked at my poer brother, sleeping childlike in his chair in front of the fire, and, knowing that he would have but a misty, dreamlike remembrance of his work when he awoke, I smiled mournfully as I thought of his surprise when he saw the iron bloodhound smoothly working. Thinking that Will, in his exhausted condition, might be cold, I took from a chest a pair of army blankets, old and worn, and gently covered him, leaving his thin, pallid face bare. Sitting by his side, I watched him far into the night. The sight of the old blankets awakened sleeping memories. and my thoughts were busy with scenes long past. We were boys together. Our body serrants, James and Charles, were ever with us. We were fishing in the river, or making long hunting expeditions into the mountains of East Tennessee. A mental panorama of our lives from childhood to manhood passed before me. We were always together. I could not recall a cross word or an unkind, ungenerous act of this brother. Many, many instances of his kindness, of his rare patience, of his great generosity to me, the younger and weaker, loomed up in blaced. We bought teams and tools. Many of my memory. The scenes when, clad in tattered gray, we stood, elbow to elbow, in the frontrank

right foot swinging to and fro. I could hear and almost feel the shattered bones of my leg grate together, and I could distinctly hear Will encourage me to cling to him. I could see him tenderly nurse me when I lay deligious with camp fever. Plainly I saw him taking food from his scanty store and slyly adding to mine. The efforts of this enross, honest, courageous brother, who for four years had stood by my side and protected me, who had sided me in all possible ways, who had deprived himself of heated the irons used in soldering the pieces he sustenance and clothing that a younger and weaker brother might live and fight for a cause we considered sacred, came flocking back to me In a wave of painful, regretful recollections. As I thought of our wasted lives, of the scattering. if not the actual annihilation, of our family, of the wasting of our fortune through our devo-tion to the Confederacy, whose sole bequest to us was a fractured skull and diseased brain to one brother and a shattered ankle and broker constitution to the other, I deeply regretted the folly of our people in being led into a war there was no occasion for. Sitting and thinking,

finally slept. "In the morning, after breakfast, Will asked me: 'Ben, how long have I been ill?' 'Three weeks,' I replied. 'What did I do?' 'You made a dog. Come and see it.' I said cheerfully. Will, while examining the dog, told me his reasons for making the animal as well as he could recall them; 'The black thieves poisoned our friends. I resolved to make a sheet iron dog that would frighten them into staying away from our homestead.' Then he remarked musingly: 'I believe I have some faint recollection of an intention to paint the inside of his mouth and his eyes with phosphorus, and place him at the corner of the smoke house some dark night. I thought that any and all negroes who saw him would be paralyzed with terror.' Then, more briskly, 'I should like to see what influence the dog would have on the meat and corn cribs.' 'We will try it.' I said.

"That day I rode to town after phosphorus When a night suitable for the marauding expeditions of our colored neighbors came, we took the immense dog to the smoke house Spreading blankets underneath the building for a bed, we then painted the inside of the dog's mouth, his eyes, feet and tail with the phosphorus. We covered the animal with a cloth that had a rope attached to it. The end of the rope was under the house. Will stood as though thinking; then, turning to me, he said: Ben, I will get a can of powder and place it in the machine. After it has run for a few min-utes. I will blow it up. I do not wish to see this creation of mine after to-night.' Going to the house, he soon returned with a can of rifle powder in his hand. Laying a train from our bed to the dog, he placed the can inside of the animal, and quickly crawled to our blanket bed under the house.

"Lying listening intently, we soon heard the soft footsteps of approaching men. Then whispers were indistinctly heard. We heard the party clamber over the fence and cautiously approach the smoke house. We could hear the negroes softly laugh as they related how they poisoned the bloodhounds. 'Ready?' asked Will in a whisper. 'Ready.' I replied. The cloth was pulled off of the dog with a quick, nervous jerk. I pressed on the knob with a pole. The iron bloodhound at once began to work. He fairly shovelled up the loose earth and scattered it high above his back and far behind him. He swore by the eternal fires of hell that he was the father of all bloodhounds, and that he intended to seize the negroes who poisoned his children, and carry them home with him. He made a number of little remarks about meat and corn thieves that were very depressing to his audience. While he was talking his great jaws repeatedly opened and snapped together with a sharp clang; his eyes rolled wildly; his tail waved up and down like a flery plume; his mouth seemed to be filled with through which his tongue constantly played. It was an awful sight. The negroes were paralyzed with fear. They were unable to

even murmur a prayer. Will cut the performance short by touching the train with a lighted match. Instantly the pawing, talking, cursing dog disappeared with a clap of thunder and in a cloud of sulphurous smoke. With a cry of terror, the affrighted negroes vanished into the woods. We crawled from under the house and walked home.

"Next morning our overseer came, saying: 'The niggers is done gone!' 'What is the trouble?' we asked. 'The story is out that the devil in the shape of a dog was seen near the called to our county town by a lawsuit. Leav- smoke house last night, and that he swore to catch some of the hands. Many have already left; the rest are going to leave."

"They left. Will sickened shortly after and childhood had been spent. I rented the plantation and came to Kansas to raise sheep. The erect gentleman filled his pipe and, lighting it, was lost in the memories the story had awakened. I sat stiently thinking of the war scenes, of the dead brother, and of the dog

until I feel asleep in my chair. I awoke in the morning to find that a pair of blankets had been wrapped around me as I slopt. FRANK WILKESON,

A FAMOUS KENTUCKY CRIME.

Delay in the Trial of the Man who Killed

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 17 .- The trial of Thomas Buford for the killing of Judge John M. Elliott has been again postponed, a continuance having been granted until Jan. 4, 1881. The killing took place in the spring of 1879. Mr. Elliott was one of the Judges of the Court of Appeals suit involving the title to some property. Bu ford met him on the street after the decision of the Court had been given and shot him down. although he had no more grievance against him than against the rest of the court. The case was first tried in the Criminal Court of case was first tried in the Criminal Court of Owen County in July, 1879, and Buford was convicted and sentenced to the pentientiary for life. An appeal was taken, and the regular Court of Appeals declining to sit, the decessed having been a amember of the court. Gov. Blackburn commissioned the Hon. John Foland, L.A. Husbands, and Henry A. Tyler as special Appellate Judges. This special court ordered a new train on the ground of undue haste in the trial of the accused, rejection of important testimony, and error by the court in saving to the jury that they should be satisfied of the insanity of the accused in order to acquir him on that score, error by the court in saving to the jury that they should be satisfied of the insanity of the accused in order to acquit him on that score, whereas the instruction should have been that the jury must believe the accused same beyond reasonable doubt in order to convict him. The case came up again for retrial on the 16th inst., and Judge Major, the regular Judge, declining to act, O. D. McManama, who had been Judge at the previous trial, was chosen special Judge. The defendant's enief counsel and ene of his assistant counsel, being unavoidably absent, the continuance to near January was granted.

During the proceedings Thomas Butord was present in court and seemed quite unconcerned into a game of chess with Senator Cox, whom, although one of the best chess players in Kentacky, he defeated in twenty minutes. Gen. Abe Buford, the brother of the accused, seems to take more interest in the case than does Tom himself. He feels in dignant in regard to the activity shown by Gen. John Rodman, Judge Pryor, Col. Hamilton, and others in the brosecution, and hes used threatening language in regard to them. regard to them.

He Caught a Tartar.

Sergeant James of the Tombs Police Court is a man of herculean strongth. The other evening, while i street. Pushing his way through, he saw two men fight Sergrant James caught the men by their collar-

Killed by a Conjuring Doctor.

RICHMOND, Va., Duc. 17.-Thes. Kelly, "I should have told you that my brother had been struck on the head with a rifle ball while aiding in the defence of the Confederate earthworks at Cold Harbor. After the wound healed slope of Cemetery Hill with me on his back, my interest the super health of the conjugate has field.

At Malvern Hill, Antietam, Gottysburg, the Wilderness, and Cold Harbor, passed speedily before me. I could see Will, then a powerful man, carefully pick his way down the builet-swept him some white powders, which three him total a stuper interesting to the conjugate has field. POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

Phebus with Admetus.

From Macmillon's Magazine When by Zong releasing the mandate was revoked, Sentencing to exile the uright Sun-Got. Mustlet were the prochement to the steer had yoked, Who, and what a track showed the upturned sold Miniful were the shellers as the wite none severe Benta burning eyelicus as the wite none severe. How the rushe show in the sheets, Sister of his own, till her rays fell wide.

God! of whom muste And song and blood are pure, The day is never darkened That had thee here obscure.

Chirping none the scarlet clealas crouched in ranks; stack the thintle-head piled its down-sik gray. Scarce the stony lizavd scaked hollows in his flanks; Tairck on spots of undersic our drowsed flocks lay. Sodden bowed the chestnuts beneath a wind undeard, Lengthened ran the grassos, the sky grow slate; Then a mid a swift flarb of winged seed white as curd, Clear of himb a Youth smote the master's gate.

God 1 of whom music
And song and blood are pure.
The day is pover darkened
That had thee here obscure.

Water, first of singers, o'er rocky mount and meaf.
First of earthly singers, the sun-loved rill,
Sang of him, and flooded the ripples on the reed,
Seeking whom to waken and what ear to fill.
Water, sweaters sociotier to kits a wound and cool,
Sweetest and divinest, the sky horn brook,
Chuckled, with a whimper, and made a mirror-pool
Round the guest we welcomed, the atrange hand shock.

God! of whom music
And song and blood are pure.
The day is never darkened
That had thee bere obscure.

Many swarms of wild bees descended on our fields; Stately stood the wheatstalk with liead bent nigh; Big of heart we labored at storing nighty yields, Wood and corn, and clusters to make men cry! Hand-like rushed the vintags; we string the boiled a Plump, and at the scaling the Youth's voice rose, Maidens clung in circle, on little flats their chins; Gentle beastles through pushed a cold long nose.

God! of whom music
And song and blood are pure,
The day is never darkened
That had thee here obscure.

Foot to fire in snowtime we trimmed the slender shaft; Often down the par spied the lean woll's teeth Grin against his will, trapped by maierestrokes of craft; Helpiess in his troth wrath as green logs sective! Sale the tender lambs togged the teats, and winter sped Whiried before the crooms, the year a new gold. Huns the hooky bear up night the arrowhead Beddened through his feathers for our dear fold,

Got! of whom music
And sang and blood are pure,

Tales we drank of giants at war with gods above;
Rocks were they to look on, and earth climbed air!
Tales of search for amples, and those who sought of love
Ease because the creature was all too fair.
Pleasant ran our thinking that while our work was good
Sure as fruits for sweat would the praise count fast.
He that wrestled stoutests and tamed the billow brood
Dancod in rings with girls, like a sail-flapped mast.

God 1 of whom music
And song and blood are pure,
The day is never darkefied
That had thee fiere obscure.

Lo, the herb of healing, when once the herb is known. Elimes in shout weeds bright as new spring flame. Ere the string was tightenow be heard the niellow to! After he had taught how the sweet sounds came. Stretched about his feet, inhor done, 'iwas as you see Red pomegranates tumble and burst hard rind. So began contention to give delight and be Excellent in things aimed to make life kind.

God! of whom music
And song and blood are pure,
The day is never darkened
That had thee here obscure.

You with shelly borns, rams! and, promontory coats, You whose browsing bearind dip in coldest dew! Buils, that walk the prestures in kingle-dishing coats! Laurel, ivy, vinc, wreathed for feasis not lew! You that build the shade-root, and you that court th

To that build the sharinkling the rock atream-rout!

In that leap bearrinkling the rock atream-rout!

In has been our fellow, the morning of our days;

Us he chose for housemates, and this way wenk

Gold! of whom music

And song and blood are pure,

The day is never darkened

That had thee here observe.

Geong Manne GEORGE MEREDITE.

The Flight of the Song Birds.

From the Basion Transcript.

Around the cedars on the lawn.
The evening miss are early drawn.
On each of souvers pittering bela
on the control of the contro To grace the passing of the year; Saddest of all, resonads no irill From blithesome warblers; all are still. The circkoo long ago has fled,
The blackcap duiled his sable head,
The whitethroat south more sunny climes,
The fearthi swallow left bethnes;
O'er barren moor or stubble bright
The wood wren wings her alleat flight,
While many a winstle from the skies
Marks where the plover southward flies. What guides these birds to warmer lands!
Doth chance impose such strict commands!
Did my riad races die before
Survivors souch a foreign shore!
Not so: Creative Love impressed
toon their natures it is belost. And still, obedient, they observe The charge, nor from his purpose swerve. We grieve, but lasting song would clov apacities of sober joy; nd though we miss and mourn the hands f birds which filt to stranger lands, frighter the welcome we extend ext April to each well-known friend; and winter annu. And more we long, mid winter's snow To hear new songs when likes blow.

What Ist

From the Chicago Tribune Wealth and glory and place and power— What are they worth to me or you? For the lease of the rims out in an hour, And death stands ready to claim his due. Sounding honors, or heaps of gold— What are they all when all is told?

A pain or a pleasure, a smile or a tear— What does it matter which we claim? For we sie, from the crade into the bier, and a careless world goes on the same. Hours of claimest, or hours of sorrow— What will it matter to us to-morrow?

Troth of love, or yow of friend, Passionate hisses, or tears of gall— The grave will spen and cover them all.

Homeless vacrant, or honored guest,
Poor and humble, or rich and great Poor and humble, or rich and great, All are racked with the world's injust All must meet with the common fate. Life from childhool till we are old— What is all when all is told?

The Pause.

From the Landemy

So deep her dream, at counting wood,
So vast her came down passion's flood
By sunny reach and shallowy wood,
So bold and sby in mailenthood
On faney's transferred steep she stood.
Her will perforce nidst steep.
The life behind, was that and cray,
Before, a swelling prospect lay,
And one was whispering her to stay,
And one was whepering her to stay,
And one have to say him hay.

Ly was not her's to say him hay.

Ly nite out term by her side.

In piteous tremor by her side.
The voice to each warm wish replied.
With words of duty, home, and prick—
Here, certain peace—there, hopes unitried;
And now she mused, and now she sighted;
But scarce she strives to speak. But so area she strive to speak. For on her weist she felt a hand. So a lity strong its master hand. A flatherine breath her forchesd fanned. With vows twere treaten to withstand. Or her with on rock or and.

Yet—dare she then be weak!

Poor child! from such a dream to wake! One word the maiden spell shall break-

E. PURCELL. For My Ludy's Sake

From the Landon World.

Sweet heart, the love that lives for aye Is all the wealth I bring.
Which neuther lessens with the day, Norchanges with the spring.
And since to love me you have deigned, This motto will I take:

I fice unsolled, a soul unstained,
For my dear lady's sake.

I care not far the world's renown, Yet count its guerdon aweet. Could I but win its brightest crown And lay it at her feet. A sinless kingdom would I fain Of my existence make. Where she might nover binsh to reign, For my deer lady's sake.

Since all of good I have is hers,
I hold my lot most dear,
With spotless sword and stainless verse
To do her honor here.
That when our dream of life be done,
Together we may wake,
And God unite our scale in one,
For my dear lady's sake.

" A Joy Forever,"

From Nym Crinkle's Frailment.
We praced from out the dazzling light,
We bett the restling throng of dancers:
Mas Sanith had said to me, "We might,
I stimust thins, sit out the Lancers."
And, wandering on, we lest our way—
A country house is most perplexing—
Mas Sanith was filled with sweet disonay
And closer coung—twas very yearing.

We rested at a window seat,
My hand detained a hand half willing;
Me murnwed of the floor, the boat,
And other things as wishly dorining.
Some mistreete, "erhaed entwined,
Gave rise to greb but temping baster,
I stosed here—leas my seace of much—
And got a mece of hers instanter.

She stamped her fact, her basen rase
And (ei) with mandemy vexation.
She said-bott what six said, bord knows!
For twin bette admiration.
But there she shed a thee at law,
A detrict here unrefer a section of
I reothed her, as a north may.
And theoreticals he never tooked as fetching.

My deeds were rash, my words instance— At length we could no longer tarry— And when we i med the dance again gias Spitto was Kate and I was larry. Ten year procession has it three My love, but I'm in this position: The tentrums which I once adonted Have palved from frequent repetition.

BARBEY D'AUREVILLY.

Some Account of an Eccentric Literary Dandy who Detests Goethe. Panis, Dec. 9 .- In spite of railways, telegraphs, steambosts, and democracy, Paris is still a soil favorable to the growth of originality. In walking along the boulevards you will perhaps meet more varieties of civilized humanity than in any other European city; in French literature you will find more distinctly marked individualities than in any other literature; in Fronch society you will find more eccentric types than in the society of Germany or of England. The figure whose portrait and manner of being I propose to sketch realizes all the phases of originality, both exterior, intellectual, and social. He is whimsical, a literary dandy, a fine gentleman, and an eccentric artist. He is, in short, Jules Amédée Barbey d'Aurevilly, an apparition never to be forgotten, whom the princes of letters as well as the vulgar gapers turn round to look at as he passes.

When he first came to Paris, years ago, he arrived on horseback with a thousand dollars in his pocket. "Mygrandparents." he relates.
"accompanied me to the confines of our domain, and when, after having sprung into the saddle, I was about nobly to present the farewell salutation, my father said to me: 'Go, my son, and be always a fine gentleman!"

Barbey d'Aureviely being a dandy and a coquet. it is hardly charitable to ask his age and to be curious as to whether his raven locks owe their lustrous hue to the triumphs of the cosmetic art. Still, duty bids me reveal the fact that he was born at Saint-Sauveur-le-Vicomte, department of the Manche, in the year 1808. He lived for a long time at Caen. In 1851 he joined the staff of the Pays newspaper, for which he wrote literary articles that were at once remarked for their swaggering air, the personality of their polemics, and the affecta-tion of their style. Barbey d'Aurevilly is now the literary critic of the Constitutionnel. His articles are as bold and truculent as ever; age has not impaired the vigor and originality of his talent. Ah! Pardon! A dandy, like an elegant woman, has the age that he looks. Let us, then, say nothing about that unfortunate birth certificate and those fatal figures, 1808. Let us suppose Barbey d'Aurevilly to be no older than we should conclude he was from reading the dashing volume he has just published, called "Goethe and Diderot," which suggested this sketch. I shall say something about the book

later; now let me introduce the man.

We are at the circus, let us suppose, on Satur-

day, the fashionable night. The Jockey Club is there in full force, and the artists and the men of letters who are at all fast. In the stalls are elegant ladies, the ladies of the high finance, a few ladies from the noble Faubourg, and here and there, resplendent in fictitious charms and diamonds that are the reverse of fictitious, the members of the Old Guard, of whom Nestor Requeplan used "The Old Guard always surto say, renders, but never dies." In the lobby leading from the stalls to the arena is the fine flower of the gilded youth of the day, and among them an apparition that you might mistake for one of the dandies'or lions described by Balzac and drawn by Gavarni. A frock coat, fitting tightly round the waist, with the skirts puffed out amply; tight-fitting trousers with straps; a Boliver hat, inclining slightly over the left car, long hair cut in the romanite fashion of 1830; a red cravat embroidered with gold; a stripe of green or tender rose-colored slik running down the seam of the trousers; gloves of some bright color; amole turned-down collar; shirt cuffs turning over the tight-fitting sleeve of his coat—in short, a beau of the very first water, such as we may have figured to ourselves Balzac's heroes in their palmiest days. And with all this, a swaggering air, head erect, disdainful glance, shoulders well thrown back; in one hand a huge marine glass with which he examines. Oceans or some favorite horsewoman; in the other a cane with a buckhorn handle. His face is bronzed as a Moor's, and adorned by a heavy Bashi-Bazonk monstache. He talks rather loudly and confidently. He raises his hat to salute somebody, and we see that the lining of it is rose color.

Any other man who should dare to despise the fashions of the day in such an uncompromising manner would be an object of ridioule. But there is such easiness in Barbey d'Aurevilly's movements, such assurance in his gestures, and such self-possession in his whole person, that when you see him you are astonished, it is true but you do not laugh; you feel at once that he is somebody. He is, indeed, a curious personality, a relice of an old regime in ideas and manners, but a modern man in talent and style. His novels "La Vieille Maitresse," "L'Ensorcelée," and "Le Chevalier Destouches" are admirable works. I do not say that they are masterpiccas; that is sne epithet which it is preferable to leave for posterity to bestow, But what a chiesler of phrases he is, and what a wit! Few writers have shown in their works a strangeness so true, sentiments so delicate, and such finish of details as Barbey them an apparition that you might mistake for one of the dandies or lions described by Balzac

"L'Ensorcelée," and "Le Chevailer Destouches" are admirable works. I do not say that they are masterpieces; that is an epithet which it is preferable to leave for posterity to bestow. But what a chiselier of phrases he is, and what a wir! Few writers have shown in their works a strangeness so true, sentiments so delicate, and such finish of details as Barbey d'Aurevilly. In spite of his truculent Catholicism—he believes that Luther ought to have been burned at the stake—in spite of the violence and exclusiveness of his judgments. Barbey d'Aurevilly as won the asimiration of men like Alphonse Daudet, Paul de Saint-Victor, Charles Bandelaire, Léon Gambetta, François Coppée, and others whose names are less tamiliar but whose judgment is not to be despised. It is not merely as a dandy, then, that the reader is to think of this eignant is not to be despised. It is not morely as a dandy then, that the reader is to think of this eignant novelist and vicroous critic; but in spite of ourselves the dandy will force himself upon us. And why not? Nowadays the dandy is extinct with the exception of Barbey d'Aurevilly, who has written a curious volume on the nature and spirit of the prince of dandes, Beau Brummel, and who goes to drink his favorite wine, Saint-Peray Mousseux, at the Cafe d'Orsay, because

so delicate, and such finish of details as Barbey d'Aurevilly. In spite of his truculent Catholicism—he believes that Luther ought to have been burned at the state of the weather at the state of the tensor of the weather at the state of the weather at the state of the tensor of the weather at the state of the

state intelligence who would at one understand the causes. Suddenly from the other end of the table the thin and ironical voice of Baudelaire was heard: "Pardon, my dear d'Aurevilly, but do you pretend to have a distinguished remorse?"

Baudelaire, like Barbey d'Aurevilly, had a horror of the commonplace but his originality was purposed and calculated. His gestures, his tones, his expressions were of a choice strangeness. Barbey d'Aurevilly, on the contrary, has a natural originality. He is not haunted by the fear of the commonplace, for, if the commonplace ever existed in his strange nature, it was driven into exile long ago. He is a born original. A few years ago, when a volume of his stories called "Les Diaboliques" was selzed because the consorship considered them somewhat risky, Barbey dAurevilly was summoned to appear before a Judge. Clad in his most respiendent attire, he appeared, and, in answer to the maristrate's questions, he said: "Monsjeur, I have written what plensed me! I am an arrist: I am not a pig!"

The worthy magistrate was astounded, and the case went no further. "Les Diaboliques" were to be had "under the clonk."

Now let us come to Barbey d'Aurevilly's new book. Goetne et Diderot," The author takes a savage delight in pricking the bubbles of reputation. Such a task has interest of many kinds, especially when it is applied to two men like Goethe and Diderot, whose names are hetter known to most people than their works. In this world of menutony, of culture, and of universal enlightenment, it is a real pleasure to encounter a man who does not swallow with an insignd smite the hereditary verdicts of aesthetic ten parties.

Goethe the great Goethe, whose "wide and centered and the great goethe, whose "wide and centered and the great goethe, whose "wide and centered and the case a parties.

ten parties.
Goethe, the great Goethe, whose "wide and

Gothe, the great Gothe, whose "wide and unimous view" has been celebrated in verse by Dr. Matthew Arnold, bores Barbey d'Aurevilly! From weariness to irritation the distance is not great! Barbey d'Aurevilly soon grows irritated; he regards the glory of Gosthe as a monster mystification, against which it is time to rebe! The pity is, he says, that without the voice of France, without the French language, and without Mme, de Stadi, who spoke it so well, Goethe would never have made any but a German noise, a guirgle in an ink bottle. France with her leve of nevelty or her intellectual catename, which indee her English at the end of the eighteenth century, which in preceding catinisme, which made her English at the of the eighteenth century, which in prece centuries had made her Latin, Greek, Ita Spanish, and which for the moment made German-France Europeanized Goethe's f

Well, Barbey d'Aurevilly finds that Goethe inspires ennui, and that this ennui is like the small-pox of King Louis XV. of which it was said: "Everything is great with the King." Thereupon he proceeds to demolish this "mighty gonius" with an animation and picturesqueness of expression that are truly refreshing. He examines Goethe as a dramatist, as a novelist, as a philosopher, as a savant, as a poet, in fact from all points of view, and in every case he refuses him genius and invention. He sees in him only a translator and an adapter. A few pages of Werther, alone escaps from this pitless criticism. Faust, he calls an incoherent mass of crudition without any kind of composition, a sort of monster magic lantern. What atoms of poetry it does contain Goethe owed, he says, not to his own genius, but to the genius of his race. In "Faust" he has a relative superiority only when he is German and when he maintains himself within the strictest German tradition. Mephistopheles, Barbey d'Aurevilly considers, was sliogther too much for Goethe. The devil, he says, has here passed on to Geethe the kink that he received formerly from St. Michael. With the exception of two or three passages the Monhistopheles of Goethe's "Faust" is not at all the grand devil that he is said to have been. "Ask the connoissours in devils," exclaimed Barbey d'Aurevilly triumphantly. "It is only a German devil; and when one thinks that Goethe, that arranger, had behind him to inspire him that pack and crew of demons, Ingo. Lovelace, Tartufe, Don Juan, Vaimont, Milton's Satan, Byron's Satan in the 'Vision of Judement,' all the dandies of the earth. Voltaire in 'Candide,' and Talleyrand during eighty years' existence!" In fine, Goethe's human devil; and when one thinks that Goethe, that arranger, had behind him to inspire him that pack and crew of demons, Ingo, Lovelace, Tartufe, Don Juan, Vaimont, Milton's Satan, Byron's Satan in the 'Vision of Judement,' all the dandies of the earth. Voltaire in 'Candide,' and Talleyrand during eighty years' exist

or in other words, perhaps at some future das the cause of this descending warm current will be explained.

"I claim that the heavy dew, the white frost, the fogs, and the descending current of warm air are all the direct results produced by an atmospheric depression about 500 miles to the north and northwest of that point where these phenomena occur; and whenever this warm current is forced to descend when the atmospheric syery cold near the earth) the particles of moisture as they come down from this warm current become frozen in their descent, and may properly be called snow without clouds.

"I do not pretend to be infallible, as I have said, but by applying my theories to the movements of storm centres I arrive at certain conclusions, and my conclusions now are that we will not see six inches of snow on the ground in this vicinity at one time this winter, and that we will average one rain storm a week. More snow will fall in the latitude of Washington, D. C., than in New York city."

Beath of Capt. Edmund F. Thompson. Capt, Edmund F. Thompson of the Tweifth Regiment United States Infantry died at Fort Grant, Arizons, on Thursday. Capt Thompson was a son of Cephas I. Thompson of this city, and the only brother of Hubert O. Thompson, the present Commissioner of Public Works. He was born in New Bedford, Mass., in 1846, and came to He was born in New Bedford, Mass, in 1846, and came to New York when he was thirteen years old. He became a clock in a mercantile house, and subsequently loined the Seventh Regiment. Just before the close of the war he was appointed Section Limiterant of the Eighteenth Engineer United States Infantry, having passed a special examination at Washington. He was soon promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant, and in tess than two years he was made a Captain in the Twenty-seventh Regiment. When the army was reduced he was relained on account of his excellent record, and assigned to a Captain in the Twenty-seventh results of the seventy of the control of the seventy of the control of the seventy of the sevent

A Gift to a Priest. The Rev. Father Montgomery, who was for

four years attached to St. Columba's Church, in West Twenty figh street, has been appointed temperary paster of St. Hose of Lime Church, in Sufferns, Rockiand County, On Juzzalay he was waited thom by a number of his orner parishinners of St. Commbas, who presented in with a purse of \$1.000 and a compliminary ad-ireas, which was read by Mr. Hugh Lalur.

A Limekila Club Gles.

From the Detroit Free Press.

We sing on de big which crop,
Of oats in barley so 15%.
Of the fields of certain that kives de land,
An' de hay stacked on to de sky. Causes Tone no ver didles.
Play de barbe strong:
Brash de whitewash lively.
For we'd all git long.

We sing of de cotton biossoms, An' de beans of sugar-cane; On the tork an' ham an' taters Day's romin' to see its arin.

that a plenty for all to eat.
Will sunthin to so od away.
Au'so we won't worry 'bent gritin' along
When winter comes how ha' dis way.

THREE PIKE COUNTY BUNTERS. The Interesting Conversation they Mad About

a Doe that was Killed. HONESDALE, Pa., Dec. 12 .- B-r-r-r-T rugh!" ejaculated the old settler, as he came into the barroom this morning, rubbing his hands together and giving himself a shake. "Looks like as we was goin' to have a spell o' bracin' weather for court week. Hullo, How de do, Jedge? Dod blame it, Bill, what ye benso long? An' cut off my rations of here ain't Uncle Eb! Be ye all on the jury, boys? or be ye witnesses? Or did ye jest come in to see the fun? Or are ye-why, durn it, certainly!

Rum an' nigger toe." The old settler had encountered some friends that he had known for half a century or more.

that he had known for half a censury or more. A stranger witnessing his greeting of them would have supposed that he had not seen them for years, but they had met every three months for forty years, at least, as regular as "cours week" came round.

"Knocked over any deer this fall, 'Squire?" asked the oid settler, after the party had drawn up around the stove.

"Um-m. yeas: think I hev. Major," said the 'Squire, as if he wasn't just certain whether he had or had not. "Iss, I hev. Killed three down in the Bioomin' Grove woods. Killed three, I think, Major; yas, killed three. But it's hard gittin' deer now, Major. "Tain't like 'twas when we usety sweep the ridges with the ole smoothbores; 'tain't like 'twas, It's hard to git 'em, Major. But I killed three nice ones this fall; three nice ones. Yas, I killed three,"

"Was It three, 'Squire? Who was it a tellin' o' me that you'd hung up four this fall?" said Uncle Eb, trying to think who it was. "Oh, Tom Gilpin. Tom Gilpin said you'd hung up four."

"So I did, Eb, Yas, so I did. I hung up four.

And so the don't Captain process, striking.

And so the don't Captain barro, we will his own wrath, writhing to find investives equal to his anguer. Concelled is in turn for every content that inverse will a make the content of the captain of a Gooden, this product requirement, including the content of the captain of a Gooden, this product requirement, the content of the captain of a Gooden, this product requirement of the captain of a Gooden, this product requirement of the captain o

for a mouse to crawl through, an' I hadn't see
it. I said, Gentlemen, the doe is yourn. The
doe is yourn, an' I'm seld.

"Mebbs that's what Tom Gilpin was hintin'
at," concluded the 'Squire, "It's funny I didn't
think to mention it."

The 'Squira said he was in a hurry to get to
court, and went out. The old settler and Uncle
Eb laughed. Then they smiled. court, and went out. The old set Eb laughed. Then they smiled.

A Double Christening and a Banquet. Mr. Gottfried Krueger, a brewer of Newark Mr. Gottfried Krueger, a brewer of Newark and formerly a member of the New Jersey Legislature, gave a banquet at his home in Belmont ayenue, Newark, on Thursday evening, in honor of the christening of his infant child and a child of Mayor Wh. H. F. Fieder, Among the 150 quests were Judge McCarter, Prosecutor Albeel, Justice Riccord, and other well-known residents of Sewark. The fact, News. Schambach and Reib, Letterant clerc like, News. Schambach and Reib, Letterant clerc habes and their parents were teasted, and appendices were made in their honor.

PASHION NOTES.

India shawls never go out of lashion. The toreador is a new London bounct. The Beaubarnais is the latest large bat. Caps are de riqueur for a well-dressed baby. Fanchen bonnets are becoming vulgarly popular. Vermicelli lace is the latest novelty in lace goods. Vermicelli lace is the latest novelty in lace goods. White opera tollets are in the majority in London. Bangles are worn to excess by fashionable women. Furniture effects are sought for in recent costumes. The Fauchon bonnet is called the bos bonnet in Paris. Japanese screen front dresses are of American origin. Fur-trimmed costumes begin to make an appearance. Hoods on dresses, as well as on wraps, grow in favor. Lace pins have completely superseded other kinds of

The Drogan cap is shaped very much like a French pastry cook's. Deep yellow and coral pink China asters are the flower of the moment. Dull red is a popular shade for young girls' and chil-iren's wool shits. The Drogan cap takes precedence of the Tam-o' Shanter and the Gleigarry. Serpent bracelets with golden scales and ruby eyes are The latest hoods on dresses and wraps are rounded, not pointed, in the back. Driving gloves made to simulate a leopard's or tiger's Wadded and quilted satin slippers are worn for com-fortable home neleges to let Jersey corsages and striped woollons for skirts are lead-ing styles in skating coatomes. Mother Hubbard cloaks have gathered fulness front and back, shirred in at the neck. The only flowers used for winter hats and bonnets are made of plush, velvet, and saun. Mother Hubbard bonnets are shirred hats of good large size, tied down over the cars. Chemile fringes, with strands of gold or silver thread are much used for bail dress trimining.

The harmonies or symphonies of color must be well preserved in Japanese acrees from dresses.

Bix bangles on each arm are not considered too many by girls who adopt the extreme of that barbaric style. Dark green and seal-brown cloth suits, trimmed with bands of fur, take the lead for elegant street costumes. Pichus, ceilarettes, jabots of large size, and simulated waistcoat fronts in lace are almost de requeur in full dross. Gilt sautache is revived for trimming street suits and wraps, but it is not in good taste save for carriage of

The handkerchief hoxes seen at J & C. Johnston's are good imitations of old French work of that description of a century age. A true ladvises careful to make her toilet with care and taste for retiring to bed as for the morning after.

Very wide musin cravets triumed with lace are worn around the nees again, with the large bow fied on one add a to Bernhardt. and a h Bernhardt.

Tin or wooden pail hair receivers, covered with satia and bended with brans, have retitite tops drawn up with tassified draws.

The most wooderful embroidery, in the form of insects, birds, stant, and beaves it white sits flows is now put on table shaws and brankers. usby shawls and brankyts.

When the emirrollered Ispanese screen fronts of dressears in bright colors, the broughtes, saline, or pinishes of the other parts of the contains are in colors to match the time of the acreen drajery.

Profits soft In ia multi squares, trimined around with Breton, Laminedon, and Vermicelli large, are used for competing the esserts of soft or are incider around the throat above the multi-robe scales. threat above the adjuirtable callar.

The latest novelty in costumes is the use of fine embrodered sean Japanese screet deaperies for the front breadins of the understart, while the evertices is of striped pions and sain in colors to match the drapers.

Black sain Japanese screen draperies, embroidered in gold, are add tor the front breadins of dresses, to be combined with black and gold striped plush or black and gold the volvets. The trimmings of such dresses are gold embroidered tands and gold and black fringes.